The Competition

The wind turned, your
scrawny craft uppercut.
    How come

you couldn't sense
it early? Since
  cues are eternal-

ly there in water
and in air, angles

 of the sun, vapory in-
timations, dawns of
creaks before embarking,

  the wrench-
    ing solitary

 cloud on livid skies,
      a lover’s eyes

        gnawing the moon.